

SPIRITUAL

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 65.

The Principles of Nature.

A SURVEY OF HUMAN NEEDS.*

BY A. J. DAVIS.

In the Old wilderness of Superstition now blooms the immortal flower of Reason. The great and powerful geni of the Eastern hemisphere have given themselves up to oblivion; and the great and powerful Ideas of the Western hemisphere now occupy their places. The whole world is rapidly approaching a Transition State—is passing from death until life—is merging from a long night of ignorance and superstition. But to realize the marvelous changes that are constantly going on everywhere, and in order to contemplate this glorious transition of the Old into the New, we must take a standpoint high upon the summit of the ages. From this position the mind's eye may not only take a comprehensive survey of the inferior Past as the vast background of the superior Present, but also, now and then, obtain a glimpse of the undeveloped Future. By scanning the fables of the past, and comparing them with the realities of the present, we can see that what was considered miraculous and supernatural is now recognized as the "matter-of-course" triumphs of progressive science—as things ordinary and natural to the constitution of matter and principles. Consequently, though every new development is exceedingly wonderful, it is not supernatural. In the Empire of Matter there can come no miracle; the world of Mind is equally impregnable, because the former is its foundation. The thinking mind knows too much of the laws of matter to believe in miracles. *The more we know the less we believe!* Faith has extemporized so often and improvised so much which Knowledge repudiates as goddess and wrong, that the intelligent portion of the world has deserted the continent of belief for the far safer and firmer hemisphere of positive Knowledge, which in the mind is balanced by the hemisphere of passion or impulse.

Skepticism is, I think, the handmaid of Truth. Doubt is the beginning of Wisdom. Doubt is the precursor of inquiry; inquiry leads to Evidence; Evidence is the foundation of Knowledge; and Knowledge is the parent of Liberty and Power. Concerning skepticism a philosophical writer once remarked, "That they are men who pick holes in the fabric of Knowledge wherever it is weak and faulty; and when these places are properly mended, the whole of the building becomes more firm and solid than it was before." In the ages of ignorance, it was a *crime* to doubt; now it is the *sign* of intelligence. Skepticism is the Chief of all policemen who maintain order among the clergy. Science is an excellent and indomitable watchman; but an intelligent, honest, philosophical Doubt is the most formidable of all foes with which the Dogmatists have to contend. Then fear not, ye skeptics—Doubt on! Do for the world what an unreasoning faith can never accomplish. Help on the work of Reform! If there be any nigh to the kingdom of heaven, they are those who conscientiously Doubt until adequate Evidence is obtained; then faith is not possible; for Knowledge occupies its place in the mind; and a force equal to the "moving of mountains" is therein forthwith generated.

The object of this chapter is to show, that the world, especially in this century, needs a "Philosophy" higher than the schools can furnish, and a "Spiritualism" more demonstrative than the churches possess—needs these, in order to destroy the hatreds of the churches; to cast this creed and that religion into the world's treasury of experience; to enrich our minds with a unitary understanding of all natural and spiritual things; and finally, to render all things, which pertain to our physical and mental being, universal and harmonious!

There are three unmistakable indications that the world really "needs" the Harmonical Philosophy, or something analogous, as follows:

First. The materialistic influence which nearly all the Sciences exert upon the civilized races—limiting knowledge and faith to the scope of the physical perceptions: showing the need of some philosophical interpretation or spiritual manifestation of things, which will harmonize at once with the known facts of science and the immutable laws of Nature.

Second. The incapacity or inadequacy of any and every form of Theology, which is evolved from the Testaments, to answer the great variety of questions which involuntarily rise in intelligent minds.

Third. The failure on the part of popular Theology to bring "Peace on Earth"—its failure to save the people from poverty, ignorance, crime, discord, disease!

The argument in support of these three propositions will, on this occasion, be drawn—1st, from the *doings of geologists*; 2d, from the *doings of chemists*; 3d, from the *present social state*; and 4th, from the *antagonisms of existing religions*.

In this little volume, the sequel to my "Philosophy of

* Part of the introductory chapter of Mr. Davis' new book, entitled "The Present Age and Inner Life." Just published by Partridge and Brittan.

Spiritual Intercourse," the reader will find a continuation of certain thoughts therein broached, with much which is entirely new and very important. The initial considerations now submitted, are those which enter into the formation of this chapter.

When contemplated from a certain position, it is very natural to exclaim that "all the world's a stage"—a pyramid of excellence—a gorgeous Temple—vested with supernal beauty; built upon the granite foundations of indestructible material; and upheld by the golden columns of Eternal Truth. How beautiful the scenery which falls, and rises, and glides away before the ever-changing drama of existence!

First, let us glance at the play of geologists among the rocks and hills. Now, as the curtain rolls up, let us look upon the geologic drama. Behold! the earth, the seas, the flowing tides, the groves of solemn grandeur; and diverse vegetation, unfolding with a wild luxuriance over the rolling lands. What can all this mean? Whence the origin of these things? Who owns and manages this theater?

We are the audience. We know by all these properties and decorations—by all this form, and order, and arrangement—that there must be a "green-room" somewhere within, behind the exhibition; and we desire to behold it. Yea, we must! For we possess investigating, exploring faculties; and these demand an exercise!

See! A silent splendor floats down from the noon-day sun, and illuminates the hills. Star-beams come down from on high, and play amid the lilies of the valley! There is a glow and a loveliness—a poem and a song—upon, and flowing from, every thing that lives!

Again and again we ask: "Who made all these wonders?"

In vain the cast-iron conservative, "with eyes severe and beard of formal cut"—replete with heavenly ire—admonishes you to leave untouched the secrets of Nature: to search not into the mysteries of godliness. The clergyman, too, shrinks from the results of investigation. He fears that, in case you should behold the "green-room" of the World's theater, there may be found no traces of the "rock" he stands upon; only the heterogeneous materials from which it was originated. He, therefore, cries out from his desk against you, and exclaims—"Beware! Beware!"

But the ways of mind are imperious; man must investigate; and, first of all, the land of his birth. And so, with hammer in hand, he knocks at the magnificent door of geological science, and begins to enumerate the various strata which constitute the Earth.

When man first entered the subterranean departments of Nature, he could read but imperfectly the hieroglyphic characters traced thereon—upon the inner chambers—by the laws of progress and the methods of growth. But soon he learned to count the hundreds of thousands of centuries which were consumed in advancing the earth from its primeval condition to its present state. And forthwith his mind, like a freed bird, overlapped the existing boundaries set to biblical chronology; and the geologic man dated the birth of the world far away in the remote, unremembered past—long, very long prior to the origin of life or animation.

Here began a new act on the stage—a battle between inflexible science and popular dogmas; which resulted, as you probably know, in numerous theological concessions and acknowledgments, viz.: that the Fathers of the Church, and Students of Divinity, had uniformly accepted the "Mosaic account of Creation" in a too literal and restricted sense. They discovered and determined that, in order to avoid any public clashing between the teachings of Nature and the dogmas of Revelation, they could construe the expression "the evening and the morning," to mean the "ending and beginning of an indefinite era," and thus, also, they stretched out the "six days" of Genesis into "ages," long and spacious enough to accommodate the most extravagant discoveries of geological science. This, for modern times, was an interesting act. The sparks of geologic truth, which were from time to time elicited from the granite sides of Nature, indicated the final dawning forth of a basilar knowledge of the constitution of things, almost too vast for the human mind.

When the dark dungeons of the earth were fairly thrown open to the rays of wisdom, and when men discovered that they could walk therein unharmed, and find philosophic truths in clusters everywhere, then it was, as it now is, interesting to see men of intellectual power, summoned from other studies, go forth to grapple with the unfolding truths of Nature, and sound their melody on harps of praise. These minds, each acting for himself, have arranged, systematized, and propagated the greatest lights of terrestrial discovery; and, moved forward by the love of research and positive knowledge, they have advanced all geological acquisitions, regardless of time-honored prejudices and popular intolerance, into a form and character of one of the noblest of the sciences.

"Of all the sciences in the material universe," says a writer, "none comes more immediately into sympathy with our physical wants and sensuous enjoyments than this science of geology." It acquaints us with the rudiments of life, with

the laws of formation, with the incipient manifestations of the Soul of Nature. Geology is a beautiful country, which all should visit. At every step we tread upon the interesting facts which it embraces. The earth is paved with wonders. Could we but intelligently interrogate the rounded pebble at our feet, it would reveal to us events or acts in the elemental drama of this world more wonderful and sublime than all the myths of ancient days! Yea, the little speechless, time-worn, pale-faced crystal, could it speak its experience truly, might read us a history of its travels from primeval times to its present humble bed, enough replete with "hair-breadth escapes and thrilling incidents" to shake the strongest mind with grotesque and sublime emotion.

I have introduced this matter, simply, to interest the reader in the science of geology; to interest you in the beginning principles of life, which geology discovers to us. As a young science, with its colossal proportions and strength, it has already performed a mighty part on the world's stage!

Aside from all the psychological blessings which it brings to us, it reveals to man its immense storehouses of mineral wealth; tells where we may find coal to keep us warm, to "make the pot boil," and drive the engine. It tells us where we may find zinc and iron, and fables of building stone, where-with to construct palaces and prisons, and every thing else. It tells us where to find copper, silver, gold, that august "Trinity," which even a Unitarian can understand, and reconcile to the laws of calculation.

Besides all this, geology instructs us in the mysteries of the material creation, develops the motive principles of embryology, exhibits the vast pyramid of all animal existences; and so, perpetually enriches our stock of sensuous knowledge.

But, more than all, GEOLOGY IS THE INEXORABLE JUDGE OF THEOLOGY. And it will be an exciting day when the accomplished champions of each system are compelled to appear, side by side, or face to face, on the stage of the world there and then, before an intelligent audience, to test and determine the merits and demerits of their respective revelations. When this trial comes on between the teachings of nature and the dogmas of antiquity, we may be called upon to take our positions in the juror's box! Let us, therefore, speedily learn the divine art of seeing all sides of a question, and of "judging, not from appearances, but with a righteous judgment," all the evidences which may be presented.

But the scene is changed! New characters appear, new "stars" come forth, and a new audience is summoned!

Behold now, the chemical laboratory, the furnace, the blow-pipes, and retorts. See the bottles of ether, the specimens of mineral compounds, and the results, the triumphant results, of demonstrative analyses in every direction! See, too, the intrepid chemist, digging and burning his way into the things which God has made. With what imperturbable zeal, with what studied gravity, he dissolves elements and gases! "I can not help admiring," says the classic Wilkinson, "the thoroughness of the Liebig, who, after having analyzed the rest of things, put men and women into the retorts, and, with pen and ink ready, write down so much dirty water and fetid oil, and so many ounces of scientific dust," and who, therefore, convince their audience, by plain and unequivocal demonstration, that "people are no better than they should be," and have much affinity for the dust, from which they originally came.

"Physiologists and soap-chandlers look on with amazement," and begin to calculate how much can be made out of the novel discovery! But clergymen and lukewarm believers in man's immortal destiny, on the contrary, having no principles of truth underlying their theory, are inexpressibly terror-stricken to see dissolving in the retorts, before the eyes of the world, the mystic evidences to which they have so long referred, in addition to Bible testimony, in behalf of man's immortality. And so chemistry, which is all right in its proper sphere of action, is really depriving the world of its faith in Spiritualism, and is breeding troublesome questions and skepticism in every intelligent mind. Old faith is disturbed.

Well: what, then, is to be done? What can the Church do, in order to restore to the people, and to materialistic chemists also, the virgin primitive faith in man's immortal destiny? Shall the noble science of chemistry be hooted down and driven out of civilized society, and be treated hereafter as an Atheistic or demoniacal deception; or must Old Theology bestir himself, shake his whitened locks, make another respectful acknowledgment to Young Science, and very complacently fold the youth within his garments? Shall this be done? Do you think that "Old Theology" can adopt and provide for all the children of Science and Philosophy which come forth from the ever-pregnant womb of Truth? We shall hereafter see.

But, again, the scene is changed! Behold the Human Family, in the aggregate, which, like the "Tower of Babel," is the platform of innumerable discords and misunderstandings. Want, ignorance, war, slavery, starvation, crime; these form the basis of all the dramas; and "all the men and women are merely actors." There is too much tragedy visible; the

lights and shades are too sharply drawn. More equality is needed. The heavens are too dark; the thunders roar in too high a key! This question can not be suppressed—does an All-good, an All-wise, an All-powerful Divine Being control and manage the vast Theater of this human world? Or has he cursed it, and abandoned it to the capricious and terrible management of an Adversary? Do the Manichees and the Christians tell us truly? Oh, there are dramas and tragedies performed on this stage of being—performed by men and women bad enough to shipwreck all human faith in the existence of an All-good, an All-wise, an Almighty Mind!

Behold the strong oppress the weak! Oh, where is the arm of God; the God of prayer and of special providence?

Behold you poor, dejected SLAVE; his spirit black with compelled ignorance; his body deformed by over-work; his back streaming with blood! Behold his master, too, clothed in purple and fine line; surrounded with luxuries and comforts; the bosom companion of legislators and divines; a popular candidate for Congress! Oh, where, where is the Christian's God, the God of miracle and of special providence; why doth He not appear? Throughout the whole domain of popular theology no answer is returned, except the soulless echo, "Where?"

Do you wonder, ye churchmen, that there are "Infidels" and "Atheists" who look, and look to the heavens in vain, for the manifestation of some special favor? The Christians tell them to "pray for it," "to have faith" but, alas! faith in a God of special providence "without works," is as a starving man in the desert.

Turn thine eyes toward the lands of despotism. Behold there what a prevalence of wretchedness and crime! The sons and daughters of Emerald Isle, where are they? There are plenty of Priests and Bishops on the soil, plenty of Roman and Episcopal Churches there, innumerable prayers spoken, and heavy salaries paid; but where are the children of "our Father who art in heaven?" Exhausted and wearied out with the hardships of oppression; dying, dying with starvation and disease, in order that the lordly drones of opulence may live. Surely the world has great need of something. Experience is good, I grant you; but not such experience. The granite boulder, when wrenched from its parent rock, is adequate to the fierce trials of the earth; but not so with the ever-sensitive soul of an immortal flower.

I plead now the "cause" of the world—of humanity. Viewed in the light of theologic faith, merely, something must be done to save the generous-hearted and humanitarian mind from utter skepticism. For these dreadful crimes performed year after year and day after day, before High Heaven, bad enough to make the angels weep, wrongs and evils that go unremoved and unredressed are sufficient to impair all human faith in God, sufficient to cast a mantle of doubt and gloom over the mind of every intelligent being. Of course, the narrow-minded and selfish sectarian can not feel these remarks, nor realize the needs of the world of which I now speak; for such a mind is interested, mainly, in a future selfish salvation from an imaginary hell; but the expanded, philanthropic soul, who desires practically to love his neighbor as himself, he needs a "new philosophy" and a new theology to keep his faith alive and his mind free. The sectarian dogmatically submits his explanation of all these evils, and offers you "the means of salvation." But the world has found out the fallacy of his explanation; the impotency of the old remedies.

Eighteen hundred years is quite long enough to test the efficacy of a moral medicine.

Christianity has been assiduously administered, with professional skill, to the world for nearly twenty centuries. Yet these horrid dramas and bloody tragedies are still being performed, almost beneath the "droppings of the sanctuary." But you say, "Christianity has civilized the world." I tell you the exact truth when I say, in reply, that excepting the civilizing or moralizing influence which Commerce, and Art, and Science, and Poetry, and Music, and which Philosophy have progressively exerted upon the world, the people, as far as the Church is concerned in their civilization, are no more righteous to-day than they were in the days of Charlemagne.

But again the question, "What shall be done?" What shall the people have in exchange for their old faiths? Kind reader, you should not attempt to barter them away; when you get through with them, let them die. Do not poison the rising generations. But be generous, and make the future a "gift," which all shall worship as the Truth. One fact is clear, theology must make still further concessions to science. For science has invented steam-carriages. And Christianity, before helpless as an infant, being conveyed in the arms of its sponsors from city to city, now takes a seat in the cars, and flies speedily from state to state, or a berth in the ocean steamer, pays morning calls to the heathen and the oppressed; and thus, by the agencies and potencies of science, theology spreads rapidly over a continent or a hemisphere.

Now, be it remembered, the world is looking on; it sees all this; and sees, too, what agencies are really at work civilizing and moralizing mankind. The people see how old theology has labored to keep up with the times. Again, in view

of all this, I ask, "What shall be done in regard to human faith?" Shall we renounce our old faith and old notions, and become materialists—believers only in the facts of science and in the world of physical phenomena—have faith only in what we see, and hear, and feel; or shall we strive to obtain a "new philosophy," which subjects all the Past to itself, explains the Present, and throws open the golden portals of the all-radiant Future?

THERE IS NO ATHEIST!

Some writer complains that the subject of Atheism, which is naught but death, coldness, and obstruction, should be discussed in the columns of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. I am inclined to the opinion that he is right, because I do not perceive that any thing useful or agreeable can arise from such a discussion to any one of your readers, while to the warm-hearted and sensitive it is unpleasant and repulsive. Some honest individuals may conceive themselves to be Atheists; but there are none such in the universe, nor can there be, because the sentiment of veneration is an indispensable constituent of the human mind. Gall and Spurzheim have demonstrated the existence of an organ in the brain devoted to that sentiment, which fact has been more recently, yet perfectly and beautifully, corroborated by the interesting discoveries of Buchanan. That this sentiment has a specific application to God, the Creator of all things, has also been sufficiently shown by scientific experiments.

I was at an early period of life classed among infidels, because insensible to the merit so boldly and exclusively ascribed to themselves by the different prevailing sects of religionists; yet I could never reconcile the idea of Atheism to any sane view of the existing facts which are forced upon our attention by passing events, or by abstract mental considerations.

An unsought-for confirmation of my doctrine that the belief in a God was inherent in the human mind, was offered some eight or ten years since in a manner that I can never forget. The subject of Mesmerism was then risen, and nearly every village had its lecturers and experimenters. In many places old and young were intensely excited for a season; yet this excitement soon passed off in indifference or disgust, where the alleged phenomena were not entirely discredited.

It was during this period that I was invited to a sitting, where an experiment was intended by several persons scarcely less ignorant than myself on the subject. I had never seen an experiment in animal magnetism, and looked upon the whole affair as a humbug. I was soon, however, thoroughly amazed to witness the death-like coldness and rigidity of the muscles, the accelerated pulse, and the abnormal sleep which was induced upon the subject before us. Several organs of the brain were excited by the touch, producing correspondent action, while the deep magnetic sleep continued. At length, with apparent absence of design on the part of the manipulator, the fingers were placed over the organ of veneration. The hands of the sleeper were immediately raised, and his countenance upturned in a most devotional attitude, when he broke forth in an eloquent prayer to the great God of the universe. This result seemed no less unexpected to the party before me than to myself, and, without comment from any one, another organ was excited.

To my mind this evidence was not necessary to convince me that a belief in God was natural to man; but a demonstration so wholly unsought, unlooked for, and complete, could scarcely fail to carry conviction to the mind of the most skeptical beholder.

I would, however, suggest, as one motive to discontinue further discussion through your columns upon a subject which is perhaps neither interesting nor agreeable to any reader whatever, that the motive for Atheism can not be in the slightest degree affected by the belief or disbelief in spiritual intercourse. The same arguments which prove there can be no God for the material and intellectual world before us, apply with equal force to the disembodied Spirits that have cast off their vestiture of clay. If there is no God for us, there is no God for them; and their testimony in favor of the existence of God may be set aside with as little scruple as the united testimony of seers and prophets among men, and the existing harmony of the material universe.

A SINGULAR DEVICE.—A singular circumstance, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the reflecting faculty of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signo-le-Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer, one day, looking through the hedge of the garden observed a wolf walking round about his mule, but unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constant kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defense had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighboring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory; but in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and approached as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spouted a quantity of water in the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leaped upon him and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1853.

THE CASE OF IRA B. EDDY.

Last week we published a letter from Chicago, signed by three gentlemen who reside in that city, giving a brief account of a high-handed outrage against the rights of Mr. Ira B. Eddy, one of the most peaceable and orderly citizens of that place. It appears that the person of Mr. Eddy was suddenly and violently seized without any legal process, by several persons, among whom were Dr. John A. Kinnicott, a Mr. Starr Foot, one Freer, and another man (name not given); and, on the false pretense of his insanity, was tied, gagged, and borne away from his own house, he knew not whither! No opportunity was given him to speak to a single friend, or to disclose to any one the knowledge of his wrongs. We are sorry to record the alleged fact that even his wife did not attempt to prevent this ignominious deed, but silently complied with the request of those men in preparing his linen. Mr. Eddy was taken to the railroad cars, but kept in ignorance of his destination until he arrived at the lunatic asylum in Hartford, Conn. Dr. Kinnicott was introduced to the Superintendent of the Retreat by a letter—of which he was himself the bearer—from D. C. Eddy (brother of Ira B.), and the Doctor proceeded to introduce his associates "as medical men from the vicinity of Chicago."

But Mr. Eddy was too much respected, and the injury was of too flagrant a character to pass unnoticed. As soon as the nature of the case was fairly known, many persons of wealth and intelligence interested themselves in his behalf. Letters were addressed to us, to Doctors John F. Gray, R. T. Hallock, and others, in this city, and a communication forwarded to A. J. Davis, Hartford, Conn., was signed by the Postmaster of Chicago, the proprietor of the Tremont House, and thirty-six other respectable citizens of that place, many of whom are not Spiritualists. These all certified to the good character, sound mind, peaceable disposition, and business capacity of Ira B. Eddy. At the same time, James A. Morrell and Nathan H. Bolles, residents of Chicago, and personal friends of Mr. E., went to Hartford to aid in procuring his release. Accordingly, on Tuesday, the 19th instant, Mr. Eddy was brought before Judge Phelps on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Dr. John S. Butler, of the Insane Retreat, Messrs. Morrell, Bolles, and others were summoned as witnesses. The examination, the details of which will be found in another column, resulted in the liberation of Mr. Eddy.

We have a few earnest words to offer before we dismiss this case. The facts elicited by the legal investigation are substantially as follows: Mr. Ira B. Eddy is an honest and worthy citizen, of sane mind, and "a good business man." Mr. Bolles, who has known him for fifteen years, declares under oath that the accused "has always conducted his business shrewdly and rationally." The witnesses further testify that Mr. Eddy, by his financial management, has become the owner of an estate worth, perhaps, \$80,000, and that some of his relatives, desiring to possess his property, have attempted to gratify their avarice by insisting that he is insane, and hence not only incompetent to manage his affairs, but unfit to enjoy his freedom. No effort appears to have been made to introduce him into the lunatic asylum of his own State, where the circumstances of his case were quite likely to become known, but with his hands tied and his mouth stopped, like a condemned felon, he is dragged, by Dr. Kinnicott, and a trinity of farriers, all the way to New England. And these "medical men from the vicinity of Chicago"—self-appointed to protect the citizens of that place, and to restrain one of the most amiable and inoffensive men in the world from some act of violence which he was never expected to commit—pay no sort of respect to his manhood, but treat him with as little civility and tenderness as horse-doctors usually exhibit toward their patients.

But it may be interesting to inquire how Mr. Eddy conducted himself under these trying circumstances. Did he act like a madman? No. On the contrary, he is represented by Dr. Butler as "uniformly quiet," and "very courteous and gentlemanly in his conduct." The other witnesses affirm that he has on all occasions manifested great forbearance toward his enemies, never resenting their injuries in a revengeful spirit, and only desiring the undisputed possession of his most sacred rights. But his persecutors did act like mad men, or we have no correct idea of what constitutes madness. Indeed, they can hardly hope to be excused by a righteous public sentiment, unless they can urge the plea of insanity in their own behalf.

But who is chiefly responsible for this daring attempt to rob Mr. Eddy of his freedom as well as his property? We answer, THE OPPOSITION PRESS OF THIS COUNTRY COME IN FOR THE LARGEST SHARE OF THAT RESPONSIBILITY, and an honest judgment will assign the next place to a portion of the clergy—those who will have it that every Spiritualist is either insane or possessed of a devil. The press and the pulpit, unconsciously it may be, labor to excite the vulgar prejudices of the ignorant, and thus unscrupulous men are led to trample on the rights of others. If public journalists and clergymen had never insisted that the believers in Spiritualism were "monomaniacs," no man who valued his own freedom would have ventured to participate in such a transaction. What has Ira B. Eddy ever done to provoke such an attack? Why, he has openly acknowledged that he believes in Spirits.

"The very head and front of his offending Hath this extent, no more."

And for this alone he is spoiled of his goods, and treated like a culprit, while men who talk eloquently of the value of civil and religious liberty, and offer up prayers for a price that the boon may be extended, yet dishonor their professions by a cowardly silence. It is impossible to disguise the fact that there are great interests and the most sacred obligations involved in this case; and yet not a word of condemnation or reproof emanates from one in ten of the secular or religious journals of this country. Why is this? Is their pretended devotion to Republican and Protestant principles a mere pretense? Let the chief priests and scribes decide, and in their deeds rather than their words shall the answer be recorded.

Notwithstanding the persons interested in Spiritualism, in North America alone, are estimated to number one million

already, and although many among them are known to be persons of the most exalted minds and morals, yet scarcely a day passes that does not bring to us a fresh copy of the stereotyped slander that "the Spiritualists are all monomaniacs," or that they are given over to be deceived by diabolical agents.

Thus the press and the pulpit are mainly responsible for the existence of a perverted public sentiment, which is depended on to countenance such acts of oppression as we are now called to record. Does any man in his sober senses believe, for a moment, that Ira B. Eddy would have been disturbed, in the first instance, if he had not been a Spiritualist? We presume to say, No! All that he has ever done to promote Spiritualism, he might have done to oppose it, and no one would have questioned his sanity. The case before us discloses the whole philosophy of this species of insanity. If one is known to be a believer in Spirits, he is declared to be a madman, at a venture, though he may be one of the most peaceable and praiseworthy men in the community; but if, on the contrary, a man is opposed to Spirits, he may even enter the house of a quiet citizen, seize him in a ruthless manner, drag him from beneath his own roof, and among the thousands who propagate and nurse this false public opinion, or worship the unclean thing, not one will suspect that the lawless perpetrator is mad. And this vitiated public sentiment—this foul monster, begotten of ignorance and prejudice—is the god of half the people in the United States; and the press is prostituted to the unholy purpose of sealing them with the mark of the beast! It is for this reason that thousands conceal their real sentiments, and stifle their deepest convictions. They find it necessary to devote themselves, at least in appearance, to some form of popularized error, in order to be esteemed as men and honored as saints, while they are assured that devotion to an unpopular truth will render them heretics, and the offspring of Satan. What is our religious liberty but an empty name, or a bitter mockery, if a man must be gagged for it? Answer, ye who honor liberty with your lips, while, Judas-like, ye betray her cause for money.

But suppose that Mr. Eddy had expended one thousand dollars to advance Spiritualism, that would afford no proof of his alleged insanity. We do not know that he has appropriated that amount, or any other sum, for such a purpose; but if he has, who shall question his right? Any conscientious man, who feels the force of religious obligation, would be quite likely to do the same thing. Moreover, a man who belongs to any popular sectarian organization may give tens of thousands to disseminate his views, and it is all right. No one is inclined to suspect that he is either insane or otherwise incapable of managing his affairs. Indeed, he may give his whole estate to support Foreign Missions, or to publish orthodox tracts, and he will be eulogized by the press and canonized by the Church. It perhaps never enters the head of any one to suspect that he is insane. But because Mr. Eddy furnishes the Spiritualists with a hall to meet in, it is straightway reported that "he is squandering his money," and his brother is appointed conservator of his estate. And yet, this assumption is unsupported by so much as a shadow of evidence that we are able to perceive. A man may spend his money for any purpose, except to support a truth that is despised by the sensuous world, and no questions will be asked. He may squander his means in some ambitious scheme of personal aggrandizement, or to foster the pride and corrupt the morals of his children, and pass for a sane man. There are many men in this city who occasionally spend a thousand dollars to entertain their friends at a bacchanalian feast, and get drunk themselves besides, and yet no one proposes to appoint conservators. Some men lose half they are worth by betting on a horse-race or at a roulette table, and never so much as have their sanity called in question. Nay, but such things are done by men who are rational as the world goes. Well, let the world go its own way, and falsely call things by other names than those they merit. The true soul need not be deceived. He is a man of stupid mind, and half-awakened sense, who can not penetrate the loose disguise and read the falsehood.

A closing word to the friends of Spiritualism, and we have done. Be firm as truth itself, and let no fear of man prompt the humblest disciple to dishonor its claims. But truth is always calm, and those who worship in her inmost temple are of a serene and tranquil spirit. Therefore, let no emergency excite the baser passions, or provoke unrighteous resentment. But be strong, and strike boldly!—not at the Humanity, but at the chains it wears.

TRIAL OF IRA B. EDDY,

On the Charge of Insanity.—Reported (Photographically) for the "Telegraph," by T. J. Eliawood.

Judge PHELPS.—Are the parties ready?
Mr. HOOKER.—I believe we are ready on our part. (Mr. H. read the writ of *habeas corpus*.)

J.—Is Dr. Butler ready to answer to the charge brought against him?
Dr. BUTLER.—I am ready, but I merely bring the evidence that was brought me.

Mr. H.—A written report is usually required, but we are not particular about one now; we may have occasion to call for one, however, before this case is disposed of.

Dr. B.—I am here in obedience to the summons of the judge, and am ready to proceed. Do you wish me to state the circumstances under which the gentleman was brought to me? I presume that will be all the counsel will require. [Dr. B. was sworn, and then proceeded.] On Tuesday morning, there came three gentlemen to the Retreat, and informed me that they had brought an insane gentleman to be left under my care. One of them handed me a letter of introduction from D. C. Eddy, dated July 9th, at Chicago, introducing to me John A. Kinnicott, of Chicago. Mr. Kinnicott afterward introduced the other two gentlemen to me as medical men from the same place. [Mr. H. read a couple of letters addressed to, and a document from, the Cook Co. Court of Common Pleas, pronouncing Mr. Eddy to have been insane at the time it was given.]

Mr. H.—Has Dr. Butler any thing more to offer?

Dr. B.—I have no other statements to make, except that I received these papers as being the doings of the Court, appointing a conservator for the gentleman on the claim of his insanity. This document purported to be a certified copy of the doings of that Court. I considered the evidence of these letters, these references, and this copy of the doings of the Court, sufficient to justify me in receiving the gentleman into the institution; and I conform to the demands of that writ by bringing him here. It is fair for me to say, that that first letter was received in my absence. I have been away, and returned only about a week ago.

Mr. H.—Dr. Butler, how long has Mr. Eddy been in your custody?

Dr. B.—About a week.

Mr. H.—What has been his conduct?

Dr. B.—It has been very civil, courteous, and gentlemanly.

Mr. H.—Have you discovered any evidences of his insanity? Supposing you had not received those letters, references, etc., should you have suspected him of being an insane person?

Dr. B.—In relation to the insanity of Mr. Eddy, I feel myself bound to be guided by my own observations. I have not yet come to a conclusion in the case. My impressions are such that I am not willing to express an opinion.

Mr. H.—Have you as yet found any satisfactory evidence of his insanity?

Dr. B.—Not enough to authorize me to say conclusively that he is insane.

Mr. H.—What has been his conduct, that has caused you to suspect him of being insane?

Dr. B.—In relation to my suspicions and general opinion, I do not think I am called upon to answer. My suspicions may be biased. That I submit to the Court. [The decision of the Judge was that Mr. Hooker's questions were proper.]

Mr. H.—Are not your suspicions founded on facts?

Dr. B.—I observe appearances.

Mr. H.—What appearances?

Dr. B.—Well, sir, I am not prepared to give any specific answer to that question.

Mr. H.—What do you understand by appearances—the looks of his face or his manner?

Dr. B.—Both.

Mr. H.—What is there in the appearance of his face that indicates insanity?

Dr. B.—I have appeared here without any counsel, simply to tell the plain story in the case, and have expressed my opinion fully.

J.—So you have, doctor; but as to matters of inquiry, you do not need the advice of a counsel.

Mr. H.—I ask merely for the facts, and wish to know what there is in the appearance of Mr. Eddy's face that indicates insanity.

Dr. B.—I am not able to give you a specific answer to that question.

Mr. H.—Have you discovered any thing that would lead you to suspect that he is insane?

Dr. B.—I have, in the general tenor of his conversation.

Mr. H.—What have you noticed in his conversation that would lead you to suspect that he is insane?

Dr. B.—I am not able to give any specific answer.

Mr. H.—Can you state any thing that he has said that indicates insanity?

Dr. B.—I am not ready to do that.

Mr. H.—Is it the matter or the manner of his conversation that you refer to?

Dr. B.—It is the general tone of his conversation.

Mr. H.—Does not a sane man, that is treated like an insane person, generally act differently from what a free sane man would? Would you not expect something different in the general tone of his conversation?

Dr. B.—I have had no experience in these matters. I have relied upon these documents.

Mr. H.—Mr. Eddy says you have treated him very well, as to that matter. Have you had reason to confine him?

Dr. B.—I have not.

Mr. H.—Does he eat with the family?

Dr. B.—There are about fifteen that have eaten at the table with him, among whom were some of the attendants, and some of the most sane of the patients.

Mr. H.—Supposing Mr. Eddy is partially insane, so that he is incapable of taking care of his property, is there any thing that would make it dangerous for him to be at large?

Dr. B.—I think not.

Mr. H.—That is all. Now we will introduce two or three letters, as they have had the privilege of doing, then we will produce some witnesses from Chicago. [He then read three letters, written by gentlemen in Chicago, one of which was published in the *Chicago Advertiser*, and two of which were addressed to A. J. Davis, and another written by Mr. Hewitt, of Boston, all of which agree in saying that Mr. Eddy was perfectly sane when he was assaulted and dragged away from his home. One of the letters from Chicago to Mr. Davis was signed by Mr. Coneh, of the Tremont House, Mr. Cook, the postmaster, and several others of the most influential men and women in Chicago.]

Mr. H.—It may be claimed that some of these gentlemen are Spiritualists, and for that reason are friendly to Mr. Eddy; but I understand that but a small portion of them take any interest in what is called Spiritualism. After we have examined Mr. Morrell, we propose to call Mr. Eddy himself upon the stand, that he may tell you his own story; then you can judge for yourself whether he is insane or not. Mr. Morrell, where do you reside?

Mr. M.—At Chicago.

Mr. H.—Are you acquainted with the gentlemen and ladies whose names are signed to that letter?

Mr. M.—With some of them.

Mr. H.—Does Mr. Coneh own the Tremont House?

Mr. M.—He has possession of it, and, I suppose, he owns it.

Mr. H.—Is the postmaster's name there, and is it Mr. Cook?

Mr. M.—Yes, sir.

Mr. H.—How long have you known Mr. Eddy?

Mr. M.—About six or eight weeks.

Mr. H.—During that time, have you discovered any evidences of his insanity?

Mr. M.—No, sir, I have not.

Mr. H.—What can you say with regard to the evidences of his being insane?

Mr. M.—I have been traveling with him for the last month, as his constant companion; and after he was accused of being insane, I watched him closely, to see if there were any signs of insanity about him, and I failed to discover any whatever. Instead of his being insane, I think him very sane.

Mr. H.—Is it property that has caused this movement on the part of his enemies?

Mr. M.—I think it is. After we returned from our journey, I was an inmate of Mr. Eddy's house up to the time that he was taken away.

Mr. H.—Is he the owner of much property?

Mr. M.—Considerable.

Mr. H.—Has he a wife and family?

Mr. M.—He has a wife only.

Mr. H.—Have you observed his acting like an insane man in his family?

Mr. M.—No, sir; he has been very forbearing in his family, even when abuse was heaped upon him.

Mr. H.—Has not this ill-treatment brought out evidences of his sanity, instead of his insanity?

Mr. M.—I think it has.

J.—What has been his business?

Mr. M.—He was in the mercantile business formerly, but of late he has been engaged in a banking institution.

J.—When did he leave the mercantile business?

Mr. M.—About a year ago, I believe.

J.—Where did you travel with him?

Mr. M.—Through the northern part of Illinois and Wisconsin. [Mr. Bolles was called upon the stand.]

Mr. M.—Mr. Bolles, how long have you lived in Chicago?

Mr. B.—Eighteen years.

Mr. H.—How long have you known Mr. Eddy?

Mr. B.—About fifteen years.

Mr. H.—What of his insanity?

Mr. B.—I never suspected him of insanity. I was absent when he was tried in court for insanity before, and returned in February, and carried letters to him from his friends who reside in the part of the country which I visited, and found him sane, as usual. He invited me to take tea with him. I confess I was surprised at the treatment he had received.

Mr. H.—Have you been at Chicago since that time until now, and seen a good deal of him?

Mr. B.—Yes, sir.

Mr. H.—Have you discovered any evidences of his insanity?

Mr. B.—No.

Mr. H.—Has your attention been attracted to that point?

Mr. B.—Yes, sir, I have taken a great deal of interest in him.

Mr. H.—Has not this controversy been about property?

Mr. B.—I think property is the whole cause of it.

Mr. H.—Has there been any such thing as his squandering his property?

Mr. B.—Nothing of the kind whatever. Mr. Eddy has been liberal, and has supplied a room, furnished with seats, for his friends to meet in. He is worth from seventy to eighty thousand dollars, which he has made in his business; and he thought he had a right, like others, to retire from active life.

Mr. H.—Has there been any thing in the management of his business that is in any way indicative of insanity?

Mr. B.—I can not recall a single instance.

Mr. H.—Did you know any thing of the circumstances connected with his being seized and carried away from home?

Mr. B.—Not until I heard of it the next morning, when I consulted with the county officer and learned some of the facts.

Mr. H.—Had you learned that Mr. Eddy was about to institute a suit against his enemies?

Mr. B.—I had not.

Mr. H.—Take a raw egg, break it in a tumbler, cover it with vinegar, and drink altogether an hour or two before the fever for the chill, and you never will be annoyed with the pestilence which is so fatal to the human family—the fever and ague.

Mr. B.—I had. Mr. Eddy told me that every thing was preparing; and he requested me to be in town when the cause should be tried.

Mr. H.—Have you not a lunatic asylum in Illinois?

Mr. B.—Yes, sir, one that was established by the State. It has the name of being a good one; and there would have been no difficulty in taking him there.

Mr. H.—What can you say concerning the names signed to that letter?

Mr. B.—I am acquainted with many of the individuals. I am well acquainted with Mr. Coneh. He is a wealthy and influential gentleman. Mr. P. F. W. Peck is a good business man. [The witness named several others with whom he said he was acquainted, whose signatures he recognized, and who he alleged were respectable and influential citizens, residents of Chicago.]

Mr. H.—On what day was Mr. Eddy taken?

Mr. B.—On Sunday, the 10th inst. It was not ascertained where he had gone until Monday noon. Soon after, this certificate was circulated.

Mr. H.—Could more names have been obtained?

Mr. B.—Many more.

Mr. H.—What is the general feeling at Chicago, with regard to the affair?

Mr. B.—There is a general feeling of disapprobation, and in no instance a feeling of approval.

Mr. H.—Mr. Eddy, state what you please.

Mr. EDDY.—My crime is, that I am a Spiritualist and a follower of Jesus. We have to face every persecution. I have a great many hungry, pretended friends about me; and I think they have heaped this persecution upon me for the purpose of coming in possession of my property. The judge was about setting the day when I should have upset this matter, but I was hurried away by this mob, as you have been informed. I was tried for insanity, and my brother was appointed my conservator. Being a Spiritualist, I have gained his disapprobation, and the disapprobation of others. I was a banker, and my enemies called the institution in which I was engaged a "Spiritual bank." My brother and others called upon a judge, who was also an enemy to Spiritualists; and he granted a trial of myself for insanity. The trial came off within an hour. There were only two or three witnesses sworn, and they testified that Spiritualism was a monomania, and that monomania was insanity. That is all the evidence there was, and the court pronounced me insane.

J.—Did you have notice that you were to be tried?

Mr. E.—None whatever.

J.—Has your conservator taken possession of your property?

Mr. E.—Yes.

J.—Have you ever been complained of for any breach of peace?

Mr. E.—Mr. Bolles would be a proper one to answer that question. I do not know that I ever have.

Mr. H.—Were you about to institute a process against your brother and others?

Mr. E.—I was.

Mr. H.—When were you taken from home?

Mr. E.—Sunday evening, immediately after tea—a little past five o'clock. I was borne away on the cars by John A. Kinnicott, the leader, Mr. Freer, and Mr. Starr Foot, the Overseer of the Poor. There were also a couple of pretended doctors—horse-doctors, I think; but I can not give you their names. Mr. Kinnicott said he thought it would be for my health to go to some asylum. I said, I am ready to go if you have strength enough to take me. Then these pretended doctors tied me, forced me into a carriage, and carried me off.

Mr. H.—What part did your wife take in the drama?

Mr. E.—My wife kept one side. I believe she was called upon to prepare some linen for me, which she did.

Mr. H.—Had you an opportunity to see your friends?

Mr. E.—None at all. If I attempted to speak, they would put their hands over my mouth. They did so when I made an effort to speak to my nephew who was in the yard; and also if I tried to speak on the way to the Retreat.

Mr. H.—What did they say to you?

Mr. E.—Only that they wished me to go to some asylum; but where I did not know till I arrived here.

Mr. H.—Had you any warning that you were to be taken to an asylum?

Mr. E.—None at all. I had no notice of it whatever. It was all carried on secretly. I might say, that the leader (Kinnicott) is a monomaniac; and has been so for some years.

Mr. H.—Mr. Bolles, are the signers of that letter generally Spiritualists?

Mr. B.—They are not. The majority of them are not Spiritualists at all. I never knew them to take the least interest in the subject. I should like to say one thing more with reference to Mr. Eddy's deportment as a citizen, as he seems to be somewhat delicate about speaking of himself. I can say that having resided in Chicago eighteen years, I never heard the least accusation against Mr. Eddy; no suit has been brought against him except on the charge of insanity; and I never knew him to be engaged in any quarrel. He has been a peaceable, quiet citizen; and in all respects, has always done his duty as a citizen, cheerfully. He has by no means been insane; and no one ever considered him so. I do not think there is a person in Chicago that has the least idea that he is a dangerous man to be abroad. He has no enemies except in his own household.

Mr. H.—I notice that Mr. Eddy has discharged. I wish simply to call the attention of your honor to the fact that this document containing the proceedings of the Court of Cook Co., shows that this conservator has power over Mr. Eddy's property merely, and not over his person at all; but I suppose, inasmuch as he had no notice, the proceedings were all illegal. It is only a matter of property. It has no reference to a man that is dangerous to himself and community; but to one that is in danger of wasting his property; and has nothing to do with the subject whether he is a proper subject for the lunatic asylum or not. It appears by the testimony, and by Dr. Butler's statement alone, that Mr. Eddy is not a dangerous man, admitting him to be insane. It is satisfactory that he is not a man that would harm himself or other people. He is a man that can harm nobody; and those proceedings never would have been instituted if he had not been a man of property. No man should be confined unless he is dangerous; and why not permit him to go at large? He has a conservator, and can not waste his property now. Your honor has nothing to do with that. But from the testimony there is no satisfactory evidence of his derangement. If he was insane at the time he was tried, it does not follow that he is now. Many a man has been insane for a short time, and then recovered from his insanity. Under the circumstances, we think your honor will find him sane. There is no reason why he should be confined against the will of his true friends, and the opinions of the best men in Chicago. It is to be observed that they can take him again if he proves to be insane. We ask his discharge at once.

J.—I will take a little time to decide this case. [There was an intermission of twenty minutes, then the judge gave his decision as follows:] I have taken this case into consideration; and the parties must be aware that it is a novel one. I could not, after so short notice, get instruction from books, or by inquiring of legal men. Cases of this character are very rare. I would state that had the friends of Mr. Eddy, or the persons who had charge of him, resided within a reasonable distance, I should have postponed the case and given them notice, but as they are situated in so remote a part of the country, it might be a greater evil to continue the man in confinement than to proceed with the case without waiting to notify them. It is certain that there is little or no evidence of his insanity. There is no evidence that he has been a dangerous man heretofore, or that there is reason to suspect that he will become a dangerous man. I would not be understood as saying that because he has not been a dangerous man he should not be in the Retreat, or that his being in the Retreat might not be of advantage to him; for there may be such cases; yet there has been no evidence before this court going to show that the public will be in danger because of his enlargement. I have nothing to do with his property. His being in

Greeley. Without claiming for him any absolute perfection, we venture to say, that no man of Mr. Greeley's years, setting down the disadvantages he has overcome as nothing, has performed a greater or more varied humanitarian labor. We venture to say, with equal assurance, that, taking a careful observation of his life, private and public, to test him by, no man could have performed the aforesaid labor with larger conscientiousness and integrity of purpose, or with more generally firm and intelligent convictions. We speak decidedly, but not more so, we think, than some twelve years of intimate acquaintance with our subject will warrant."

Mr. Greeley is regarded, in the article under notice, as standing at the head of the practical reformers of the day. We are told, what we believe, that "no other man, to our knowledge, has struck right and left and all around against error, without respect to its fashionableness or obscurity, so bravely, so uncompromisingly, and so steadily as Horace Greeley."

Mr. Greeley's radicalism being considered, the writer remarks:

"One might well have supposed, that the often radical denunciations of a bold reformer would not have tended to popularity or fortune, for the evils and crafts Mr. Greeley has most assailed were well fortified in public esteem and prejudice; but *they have so tended*, for the reason, we must believe, that the reformer has generally been found, upon a fair hearing, right, and the right and truth, in an age of intelligence and free discussion, are certain to triumph. They have tended thus, also, for the reason, that Mr. Greeley has never been a turn-coat, nor a halting, doubtful, or indifferent leader. Taking hold of the plow, he has not turned back in the furrow. He has stuck to the text of his convictions, however thorny and uninviting the way, preferring to be there with a forlorn hope, than in the front of victory with hypocrisy on his lips. It has ever been, and ever will be, true, that the masses incline to fearless, faithful leaders and teachers. It is so on the track of battle, in the path of martyrdom, and in the arena of politics and religion. The masses have a supreme contempt for a chameleon. Mr. Greeley has been no chameleon, hence the devotion for him of thousands who are, more or less, attached to his many-devised standard."

Glancing at the politico-reformer aspects of Mr. Greeley's life, Mr. Stuart thinks it worthy of note that so prominent and radical a reformer should also have been conspicuous as a leader of the only conservative political party in the country. This fact, says Mr. S., can only be accounted for by supposing that party names do not always cover the principles they nominally represent. Mr. Greeley's personal character is eulogized as above aspersion or reproach. In regard to his eccentricities, so called by some, we quote from Mr. Stuart's sketch:

"Touching certain peculiarities of person, with regard to Mr. Greeley, we desire to say a word. Our opinion is, that the public has nothing to do with the characteristics or idiosyncrasies of an individual, except they are publicly offensive. Mr. Greeley's personal peculiarities are often sought, by small minds, to be made a handle of, for purposes of ridicule or otherwise. They are called (his dress, walk, etc., for instance) eccentricities, put on purposely for notoriety. Now we presume to say, in the face of the whole world, that we know better than this. Mr. Greeley's dress, walk, etc., are as native to him as his breath. That he is noticeable for points in figure, head, costume, and manner, we admit, but only naturally, and never offensively. We have known him intimately for over twelve years; he had ample opportunity to observe him in public and in private, in the mixed assembly and at home; and he is one and the same in all places; rarely wherever found to alleviate distress, rebuke evil, give money to the beggar, or loan it to a friend; and we defy any man to produce a tailor's bill or any other debt against him, or to bring forward the party who will say Horace Greeley has willfully, knowingly, and persistently wronged him—say, or to bring a witness who will testify that he ever saw Horace Greeley *filthy* in his dress or habits, or in any way impenetrable or unmanly. This quibbling about 'personal oddities,' when a great manhood shines out above them, is what we call small business. We care more, and form our judgments more from facts as the one that Horace Greeley lately paid the last of his father's debts (accumulated when he was a boy), long ago outlived, amounting to several hundred dollars. These are the acts that have the ring of the true metal in them."

But we must bring our review on this point to a close. We have, as yet, touched but briefly the interesting sketch before us, which is written with discrimination and vigor, and presents its subject in a light no less just and flattering than it is attractive.

"Thanksgiving," an agreeable poem by our valued contributor, Mrs. L. A. Millington, forms Article II.; we quote a stanza:

"We thank thee, Father, that thy love hath given
A tint of beauty to all things of earth,
That to our souls hath dimly visioned heaven
Ere we beheld it through the spirit-birth:
We thank thee for each leaf and fragile flower—
The untrod wild, with beauty hallowing—
And tiny moss, in farthest forest lower,
Gemming the circle of each crystal spring."

Article III., "Spiritual Physiognomy," by Wm. Fishbough, is an interesting article, going to show that spirits, under certain conditions of their media, can and do manifest their earth-features and characteristics to communing friends.

Article IV. is a fine poem, addressed to Madame Sontag, by Miss Mary M. Burbank (in gratitude for her active sympathy and gentle, endearing ministries, tendered through a long night of suffering, etc.). We are tempted, the poem is so tender and spiritual, to quote it entire:

"They have parted the dark, dreary curtains
Away from my couch of pain,
And in streams the beautiful sunlight
To brighten my forehead again.
Half-soothed are my throbbing temples,
In the breathing, new-born Spring,
And there comes, to welcome my waking,
The bird of the musical wing."

But think not that my soul is more happy
With return of these earth-born things,
Than in the land of its fevered dreamings,
And wild fancy's imaginings!
For what but fond images lovely
Could through my visions have stole,
With thy star-beaming brow above me,
And thine eyes so full of soul?

Thy fine eyes, that dropped so in sadness,
And wept for my sorrow and pain,
Thy voice, touched with heavenly sweetness,
Oh, I would die for these again!
Thy voice, whose ravishing beauty
Hath sprinkled the earth with gems,
And borne from the brow of the Peri
Its mystical diadems—

Came more sweet and deliciously thrilling,
And charmed more wondrously—
Withdrawn from the world's warm plaudits—
Whispering of hope to me!
Till my spirit wandered thy captive
Away from its temple of pain,
Where such visions of beauty came o'er it
As never may come again.

I saw the dear home of my childhood,
No tempest had reached it there,
And I knelt by thy Spirit-mother
For the blessing of her prayer;
There were bowers of perennial roses,
Where no thorns of sorrow could be,
And there came a band, so radiant,
To welcome an angel in thee!

The high heart like thine, so gifted
To capture the world with its charm,
Is oftentimes found with the suffering,
Administering sympathy's balm.
There were others, with sacrifice noble,
And brows all wreathed with bay,
Whose care, skill, and patient kindness
No gift of mine can repay.

Thanks to the kind Giver of Mercy,
Who has blessed your efforts of love,
And would that this harp were gifted
My gratitude earnest to prove;
I would weave a lay of such sweetness
As seldom with earth-power blends,
And lay at your feet the rich garland,
My dear, dear winter friends!"

Article V., "The Terror King," is a bold poem, full of strong and sparkling imagery, by E. G. Holland.

Article VI., "Personal Experience," by Judge Edmonds, being the second and third numbers of a series of allegories, is, perhaps, the most attractive of the number. We shall attempt no synopsis, as it would only mar the article, without conveying any intelligent idea of it. The writer promises some visions of a different character in the *SHEKINAH* for August; for this series of papers, alone, we could commend the patronage of the *SHEKINAH* to all our readers.

"Intuitions," a poem by Ernest, and "Love's Endeavor," a song by C. D. Stuart, are Articles VII. and VIII.

Article IX. is number one of an essay on American Poets, by H. H. Clements. He has, as yet, not sufficiently broached his theory for us to judge of it. The article is full of "fiery fervor." We quote a paragraph:

"Can it be affirmed with confidence that there is a spiritual element in our modern muse? Is it not, moreover, the highest attribute of the poetic faculty? Can any poet offer a sublimer testimony in her favor? Is not what is called spiritual, in our poetry, a mere philosophic moralizing? The subjects which compose the substance of our illustrations are not fashioned in the spirit of ideal and creative meditation."

"The spiritual in poetry is an experience, and not an emotion. It is its greatest but most undefinable essence—a prophetic intuition which reads the great mysteries of the soul, and gazes, with its vast spirit-sight, beyond the boundaries of this narrow life. Let such a poet be mystical, shadowy, vague, and dreamy if he will, his touches lay bare all the varied and multifarious varieties of being. The mysteries of life and death, of time and fate, are all his own. He is warden of the gates of heaven, and keeper of the door of hell. The unclouded truth stands clear and radiant before him, whereas others only see it through a gradually dispersing mist. By little and little it breaks to their mental sight, but it spreads out before the interpreter like a broad and beautiful landscape, gilded with the rays of the rising and the setting Sun of Life."

The succeeding articles are a poem "To Cora," by Henry Fry; "The Departure," by F. H. Stauffer; "Miscellaneous," "Table Turning and Tyrants," and "To my Thoughts," a spirited poem, by Mrs. E. R. B. Waldo.

"MINISTERING ANGELS" (music) is by V. C. Taylor, who is already known to the readers of the *SHEKINAH*, and many others throughout the United States, through his elegant contributions to this department of science and art. Mr. Taylor is the author of several musical works, the most noted of which are the "Sacred Minstrel," "Golden Lyre," "Choral Anthems," and the "Concordia," which the lovers of music among our readers should not fail to examine. These have been widely used in the churches; but since Mr. Taylor became a Spiritualist, we believe they are not quite so current. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but the music of a Spiritualist can hardly subdue or soften the breast of Sectarianism, who is known to retain his resentment through all changes to the last, and never sheds his horns.

But it should be observed that Mr. Taylor never smothers his convictions, however the consequences of an honest declaration may affect his interest, and for this especially he merits our highest esteem. Prof. Taylor is now engaged in the preparation of two new works, which will appear next spring. In this work, being susceptible to Spiritual impressions, he is aided, as he firmly believes, while inditing his musical thoughts, by the inspiration of Mozart, Bellini, Von Weber, and other musicians, whose names are known to the world.

Those who neglect to secure the *SHEKINAH* for July will fail to enjoy a great treat—the wise will not only procure that number, but will at once become regular subscribers for the magazine—the only one of its kind in the country.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Rev. Mr. Chapin preached on Sunday evening, the 17th instant, to a very large and attentive audience, at his church in Broadway, an eloquent and impressive sermon on the Moral Significance of the Crystal Palace. He took for his text the sixth verse of the eighth chapter of the Psalms of David—"Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands."

He began by saying that this declaration qualifies the contrast which had just been suggested, between man and the universe in which he dwells. That contrast is the first suggestion that naturally arises, upon taking a survey of the starry heavens, and the wide reaches of space in which we are embosomed. And if, in the age of the Psalmist, it struck the mind with astonishment and awe, how much more under the sweep of modern science! Turning from the vision of the telescope, with its revelations of inconceivable time and distance, and countless systems, and majestic laws; turning from all this to the aspect of man, whose entire field of action is but a speck among these immensities, and the history of all those generations appears like a stream of sparkling vapor trailing only for a moment across the sky, how natural is it to exclaim, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

And yet this immense disparity can not conceal the fact that man is cared for, and visited, and richly endowed with glory and honor. And we find the explanation of this fact in his relation to an order of being superior to the forms and forces of the material world. From this he derives his dignity, and in this is comprehended the purpose of his creation. Physically, he is but an atom in space, and a pulsation in time. Spiritually, the entire outward universe receives significance from him, and the scope of his existence stretches beyond the stars. Leaving the Materialist to explain the attitude of Man upon the earth, and to bring all the facts of the case in agreement with his hypothesis if he can, I pass to consider the illustration of this spiritual and Christian conception which is afforded by the text.

It declares at once the superiority of Man over the outward world; and, whatever mysteries may be involved with his life, it proclaims one specific purpose for which he was created—"Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands!" It does not say that this is *all* that Man was made and placed upon the earth for. And yet, my friends, I think we shall find that, in the profoundest and most comprehensive sense, this is the complete end of his existence in the present state. Dominion over the outward world, over the forms and forces of matter, hence come the glory and honor with which God permits him to be crowned. Through this he manifests the nature of one made "a little lower than the angels." In fact, all the significance of his being is unfolded in proportion as he masters things around him. He only appears peculiarly as Man, the ascendant of this lower sphere, and the heir of a higher, as he subdues it to his use, transmuting it into the forms of his thought, and transfigures it with institutions. Any mode of human action is to be pronounced excellent in proportion as it develops this mastery. The most inspiring records of history are those which chronicle such triumphs. In the rudest forms of creative industry, they reveal the distinction between human nature and

the brute, and its relations to the Divine. They exhibit Man, the *Inventor*, turning shapeless matter to instruments of utility and power; employing the winds, harnessing the flame, and mating his will with the lightning. They represent Man, the *Artist*, dissolving the gross forms into pictured symbols of beauty, and drawing from them a perpetual melody. They show us Man, the *Discoverer*, ever pressing into the unknown, stretching his measure from planet to planet, or from system to system, until constellations and firmaments, in the grasp of his thought, are reduced to unity, and harmonized by law. They tell us of Man, the *Civilizer*, expanding savage rudeness into enlightened polity, and, from age to age, leading on the glories of enterprise, and knowledge, and religion. In fine, I repeat, the points of special interest, in his individual or his social capacity, appear in the acquisition of a power for which he must often stoop in humility—a mastery which he must win by service.

Any period or event, therefore, which peculiarly illustrates this dominion of Man over the forms and forces of the material world, must have a moral significance, because it illustrates also the meaning of his existence upon the earth, and the plan of Providence. And this is the connection which exists between the statement of the text and that Palace of Industry whose doors were opened the past week. It contains the trophies and celebrates the triumphs of Labor—the victory of human skill over matter. Nature stands there, like some gorgeous and vanquished barbarian, ministering to every conceit of its conqueror, and surrendering its treasures to his will. And as one gazes upon those products of toil and shapes of art, transported from the four quarters of the globe, wrought by the loom and the anvil, dragged from the quarry and the mine, stamped all over with Man's image and superscription, surely the first expression that springs to his lips is this: "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands!" This was the expression of that grand, impressive ceremony, with its dignities and its multitudes, with its banners and towering plumes, with its fervent prayers, and its choral hallelujahs swelling over all. It was a recognition of the mission of Man upon the earth, and an appeal to God for the legitimacy of Labor. It was felt to be something in which the most jubilant pulsations of the human breast might find vent with its most solemn devotion. It was not a holiday show, merely to amuse. It was not a festival of passion. It was not a celebration of destructive victory, and of man's supremacy over man, by fire or flood; but of constructive achievement—of Man's supremacy over Nature, by the strength of his sinews and the sweat of his brow. It was the Coronation of Toil, enthroned upon its implements, with the symbols of use and beauty in his hands, and the dignity of aspiring manhood gleaming on its dusky forehead. It was a reiteration of the acknowledgment already given by the present age of the preeminent honor which belongs to peaceful industry. It was a confession of the blessing which was wrapped up in the primal curse. It was the distinct articulation of the ringing hammers and the moving wheels which have accompanied the march of the race for thousand of years.

In embodying the forms of Labor represented in that Crystal Palace, I have spoken of *use* and of *beauty*. And it should be remembered that each of these is a legitimate method of Man's mastery over the outward world. We shall most surely miss the significance of such an Exhibition, if we regard it as a mere show, and seek in it only that which allures the eye and pleases the taste. If we propose to make a *moral estimate* of Labor, and to carry it up to its Divine intention, we must not overlook any contrivance which is calculated to assist Man in his needs and his efforts. We must place foremost in value the implements of solid use. For while the essence of all misery is in absolute idleness, and Man would be wretched indeed if set free from all necessity for toil, whatever limits that necessity, and lifts him above material drudgery into an opportunity for bodily relaxation, and for the exercise of his higher faculties, is surely a manifestation of the law of progress. It is not merely the wonderful ingenuity of the human mind that we should admire in such instances; but the evident intention of that Providence which, while it has ordained that Man shall acquire dominion only through toil, does not mean that he shall be the bond-slave of Nature, instead of its master—or fettered to any one kind of work. And this is the general solution which I adopt of the perplexing problem: "What is to be done with the poor, if these labor-saving machines are multiplied?" "What is to be left for human fingers, when almost every thing that Man can do is accomplished by one of these inanimate, yet strange and almost unconscious agents?" I say, no general development of this kind ever induces general suffering in the end. There is, doubtless, a Providence in it, lifting up the entire mass of humanity to a higher level of existence, and to other kinds of effort. So, welcome, first of all, every implement of use, that helps the tired hand or the aching eyes, that facilitates the results of labor or limits the periods of drudgery; for here, indeed, is manifest the dominion which Man is appointed to achieve over the outward world!

But equally in fault is he who, in such an Exhibition of Industry, turns away with contempt from every thing that is not useful, according to his definition of that term. For really, my friends, the truly beautiful is useful. And no man needs this kind of help so much as he who ignores it; whose conception of utility is limited to the bounds of a coarse material interest, and the service of the senses. Why, what does he think of this vast Palace of Industry all around him, with its enameled floor and its star-sprinkled dome, where the Divine Intelligence, working for illimitable ages, has mingled the materials of use with the expression of beauty? What does he make of the contributions which Summer brings to this great Exhibition, of the upholstery of the sunset, and the tent of midnight? Does he not wonder that the leaves should put on such pomp for the dying year, and that such useless things as flowers should line the traveler's dusty way? The justification of the beautiful is in an instinct of the human mind which allies it to the Divine; if Man has wrought a curve of grace, or fixed a tint of beauty, it has been copied from that perfect handiwork which transcends all his ideas. And, surely, that which is an instrument or an expression of the finer faculties of our nature, must be at least as closely allied to the great purpose of obtaining dominion over outward things, as that which enables us to get along in the world, and to master its rougher obstacles. In studying the industry of all nations, then, and the results of all kinds of genius, let us recognize the beauty of use and the use of beauty, and, in both these forms, the Providential Purpose and the dignity of that Labor by which Man gains dominion over the material world.

But I proceed to remark, in the second place, that this is not merely a dominion of manual force and dexterity. It is an achievement of *Mind*, it is the triumph of *Intelligence*. The Crystal Palace, whose doors have just been opened, exhibits the results of sweat and muscle; of patient, plodding, superintended toil; and does honor to these. But it illustrates something greater than these. It represents *Ideas*. It expresses not only the material result, but the abstract process; not only the invention, but the *Inventor's thought*. Oh! it is but a meager result to gather from the present opportunity simply the impression of wonderful achievement, or bulky force—an impression of the work-shop and the factory—of files and hammers and huge engines. Think of the shadowy images in the conceiving mind that preceded all these forms. Think of the inspiring ideas without which these forms had never existed. Think what a filmy conceit the ship once was, and the steam-engine, and the glorious printing-press. Out of bodiless thought were evolved these instruments of use and these shapes of beauty. Out of silence and abstraction leaped these thundering forces that carry the wealth of nations, and change the face of epochs. What courage, what patient experiment and meditation; what martyr-pains of poverty, and ridicule, and disappointment stand away behind these noble implements! What distant reaches of human effort are linked together here! The coarse utensil upon which you hardly deign to look, is the result of some fact plucked in the loneliest path of intellectual exploration, and beneath the familiarity of Art are concealed the sublimities of Nature. And here, my friends, is the real force by which man conquers the outward world. He obtains the dominion, not by the strong muscle, or the diligent hand, but by ideas. The bee and the beaver can construct, but they do not invent. They build as they built thousands of years ago. But man, continually inspired by fresh conceptions, is ever changing, ever improving, ever making Nature more plastic and submissive. The Crystal Palace, therefore, not only illustrates the Providential dignity of Labor, but the power of Ideas. And such must have been the thought of every reflecting person who witnessed that inauguration. Not merely the assembled fruits of Industry, but the entire spectacle, the rejoicing multitude, the starred bunting overhead, the flags of many nations floating in peaceful harmony, the fact itself—all were the triumph and expression of certain Ideas. They were the expression of thoughts, truths, endeavors that have long been working in the earth. In short, this is an exhibition, not merely of the world in its one phase of Industry, but of the actual civilization of the world at the present time—it shows what ideas are busy or uppermost in our age. And if this is the case, surely there is pregnant moral significance in this Crystal Palace. Regarding it in this light, regarding it as a fit representative and embodiment of the time; what does it show the character of our age to be? Speaking generally, I observe that it indicates a *conflicting and undecided period*, involving great evils, but with a growing and emergent good. Almost all the prominent

features of the time, so strikingly exhibited in this Palace of Industry, have this perplexing quality—this mixture of great good and evil. As the first thing that may be specified, it shows our age to be one of *vast material achievement*. It is quite unnecessary for me to dwell upon this fact, which it is the avowed object of this Exhibition to illustrate; and which is so broad and evident upon the face of the time. Never before was there such an age of invention; of wonderful discovery, of science applied to the most minute and common uses. Other generations of men may have been equally ingenious and more skilful. Could the departed nations of antiquity return, and bring their contributions to the Crystal Palace, they might astonish us with an extensive illustration of the maxim that there is "nothing new under the sun;" showing our boasted superiority with specimens of their lost arts, and refuting it with their forms of immitable beauty. But that which may have more than equaled us in symmetry and in expression, shrinks before our achievements of comprehensiveness and universality. Ours are inventions which overleap the barriers of nationality, and weave together the interests of the race. Ours are agencies that lift up the Man, and subjugate Nature for universal Man. We hold the elements with reins, and the humblest labor is ministered to, and carried by servants that make the pomp of old Cæsars contemptible. What was the chariot of Pompey, or Cleopatra's barge, compared to the rushing car in which the poorest may ride, or the steamship mingling foam and fire? What grandeur in this universality of material agencies! How mean and discreditable the old prejudices and limits begin to look! What a set of uncouth dissolving views the armed sentinels and the walled towns! What the one blood of all nations of men begins to flow together! What reciprocities, what unities, as the world becomes more and more like a single organic body, with the steam-engine for its beating heart, and its nerves of electric wire!

But, my friends, these material achievements may not be triumphs after all. We may be corrupted by the very powers we have conquered, and instead of obtaining the mastery over them, be absorbed by them. I am sure we must see the danger of this, when we consider the luxury and the sensuality of the time. Probably in no other age, in no other place, has there been deeper corruption, or a more complete surrender of the highest faculties of our nature to the forms of outward and gross living than in this very city, that so fitly bears upon its breast the Crystal Palace, as a type and expression of modern civilization. The achievement and the tendency, the glory and the peril, are involved with each other. And while we gaze upon these costly ornaments, these delicate shapes, these instruments of rare invention, and admire the industry which they represent, and the skill which they display, we must also recognize in them the agents of temptation and the ministers of luxury, and tremble as well as rejoice at this expression of the time.

But, again, regarding the Crystal Palace as representing the Civilization of the Age, we see what are the present position and relations of the *Industrial Classes*. I have said that the festival of the last week was the coronation of Labor; and so it was—and doubtless Labor is honored, and its dignity is recognized in this age as never before. But, my friends, it is one thing to honor Labor in the abstract, and it is another thing to recognize the claims and allow the rights of the *Laborer*. Men may make a kind of mythological impersonation of Industry, and express a great enthusiasm for it—just as they do for national architecture, or interesting poverty, or any other romantic conception—and yet recognize but very feebly the humanity and the interests of the drudge or the craftsman. It is a fine thing to erect a Crystal Palace to represent the Industry of all Nations; but I would like to have seen there a representation of the Laborers of all Nations. I would like to have had them line the galleries, and look down upon the spectacle from that magnificent dome. I would like to have had them come—the men who have served before the furnace, and been blackened by the smoke, to make those rich utensils, and the women whose heart-strings have been sewed into the fine linen, and embroidered on the silk; I would like to have had them come—from the factories of the free North, and the plantations of the South—from the mines and garrets of England—from the work shops and labor-fields of every land; I would like to have had them come, to show us what our civilization makes of them—to show us such, no doubt, that is cheerful and encouraging; but much, also, proving that it is a different thing to honor industry from what it is to honor the toiler. Nay, the coming of many of them there into the midst of that intelligence and beauty and fine array, with their limbs scarred by steam, and their foreheads blackened with smoke, and their uncouth looks, and their outlandish garments, would, no doubt, have been accounted quite an intrusion upon the respectabilities of the time and the place. And I must accord my assent to what one of our journals has said of the real incongruity of that opening scene. At the inauguration of industry, almost every class was honored except the real workers themselves. There were plumes and badges and white cravats there; scarcely any of the sunburnt foreheads and the hardened palms. And this shows how thoroughly still our civilization is entangled with old absurdities and conventionalisms.

When the conception which the Crystal Palace illustrates shall be fully realized, these feathers and bayonets and professional respectabilities will not be so exclusively in the foreground, and we shall honor the achiever as well as the achievement. And that conception will be realized. The *doors* are to be honored.

But, once more, looking upon the Crystal Palace as a mirror of our present civilization, we certainly discover much to cheer the Philanthropist and the Christian. It illustrates great progress, peace, and unity. Ships of war cover their batteries with graceful symbols, and bring tokens of world-wide amity. The time seems millennial to some. There may be, there must be, conflict. Yet we see by passing events how hard it is to excite war. But, my friends, if this is expressed in this great Temple of Industry, consider for a moment its concomitants. Cast your eyes over the neighborhood of that beautiful structure; observe its dens of vice and sinks of woe. These, too, are a part of our civilization. They are licensed, permitted, patronized. This illustrates what is yet to be done, and the kind of warfare yet to be waged.

You see, then, what a conflicting, mixed, indecisive epoch ours is, if we take the Crystal Palace as representing the prevalent and the active ideas of the time. And yet the good is emergent, increasing. Such an Exhibition would not have been possible fifty years ago. It enlarges our ideas of Christianity in the world. It teaches patience and faith. Truth and Righteousness do not break forth in sharp and sudden shocks. Secretly they work down in the deep heart of things, leavening the lump. Gradually they proceed, like the issues of the morning, in which we detect no sudden crisis, in which we hardly observe the transition, until, by and by, in place of the shadows and the cold gray mist, lo! a clear, transfigured splendor rests on the mountains and the sea. Man has been placed here to have dominion over the world—the dominion of Truth and Goodness, and not of mere force. Silently these conceptions have worked in the soil of events, until now we have this beautiful Palace of Industry—a flower unfolding out of the ages, rich with the vigor of good men's progress, and brilliant with the coloring of their lives—and yet itself, we trust, but as a bud and prophecy of far finer and better results.

But finally, my friends, I detect a still deeper significance in the spectacle of the last week, and in this Palace of Industry. There is a dominion over the outer world mightier still than that which is achieved by the strong arm or the intelligent brain. It is the dominion, in the highest and deepest sense, of a human soul through effort and thought, and all the discipline of life, until it is made strong and complete in itself, freed from its bondage to the world, and its dependence upon it—freed from the power of its seductions or the terror of its ills. It is the chief end of our being upon the earth—it is the great victory of which all others are symbolical. And if I have said that the great purpose for which Man was placed here, was to attain dominion over the outer world, this is not inconsistent with that end of self-conquest—that inward triumph which this victory implies; for that stern and intense struggle which we have in our own hearts, what is it but a conflict with matter? Indeed, I do not know that the philosophers were very far astray when they placed evil in matter. The specific moral lesson which this Crystal Palace tenders to us is this: that there is nothing without us that is not, comparatively, unsubstantial. We look upon those forms of beauty and implements of utility, and ask, for what end is all this? why is man to toil and achieve? there must be something beyond all this—can Man be satisfied with this mere outward splendor? Would all the riches displayed beneath that dome of glass enable him to walk through the temptations of life, and prepare him the better to meet Death? What is it, if there be not a great object to be attained beyond all this toil and struggle? Cast your eye around that glorious array, and if you look at it in its moral significance, it teaches us that there is a great end in life beyond merely toiling and achieving conquests over Matter. It teaches us that though we are placed here to toil and to suffer, yet the conquest that most befits us to strive to achieve, is a conquest over ourselves, that we may become better and stronger Christians. And it tells us that Man can break through material limits, and, by the grace of the Divine Spirit in his soul, press forward to higher activities, and a closer assimilation to God himself.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1853.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

AN EXPLANATION.—Our Patrons are respectfully informed that the subscription and mail books of the TELEGRAPH are left entirely to the care of our mailing clerk, and consequently the proprietors themselves do not know at what particular times the subscription of any one of their patrons may terminate. Moreover, the business of the office is so managed that when a subscription expires the name no longer appears before the person who writes the wrappers. The reader is requested to accept this as an explanation for any seeming abruptness which may characterize the discontinuance of the paper.

ADVERTISING.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements as circumstances will permit, always providing the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 15¢ cents per line, for the first insertion, and 5¢ cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

ALL ORDERS FOR BOOKS AND PAPERS.—Except from those wholesale dealers with whom we have open accounts—should be accompanied with the cash. When books are to be sent by mail, the remittance should be sufficient to cover the postage, other-wise the purchaser is required to pay double at the place of delivery.

THE PHILA. REGISTER AND SPIRITUALISM.

We find the following in the *Philadelphia Daily Register*. It is written by the editor of that print, and affords another example of the manner in which the psychological and spiritual developments of the day are dragging a reluctant skepticism into the faith by main force:

Spite of all our skepticism in relation to the intercourse of spiritual beings and mortals, we seem destined to become a medium between various deceased poets and the public. The oldest manuscripts, purporting to be written by Burns, Edgar A. Poe, etc., have been sent us. For all we know to the contrary, they are in the universal language signed after by reformers. They look like Chaldean or Egyptian hieroglyphics. A medium has translated one of them for us. As we have no reason to doubt the good faith either of the medium or of the persons present at the time of the communication, we insert it in full:

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

Shadows, like the shades of earth,
Flit beside me when the even
Flings her drapery o'er the earth—
Flit as angels through the beam!
Then the grandeur—then the gloom
Mingles in poetic measure,
Swelling through the shadowy gloom,
Guide the spirit into pleasure—
Into pure and lasting pleasure!
Shades are past, and dreams are o'er us,
Visions happy circle round;
Shades celestial pass before us—
Passing in a chorus round.
Streams of gladness flow beside us—
Streams that make the spirit light—
Streams that unto grandeur guide us—
Gentle streams of beauty bright!
Gentle, oh, how gentle—bright!
When the free and bounteous spirit
Quits the tenement of shade,
And in gladness (angels near it)
Sports in beauty God has made,
Then the shadows stay behind it—
Stay, and never enter here—
(When ascends the spirit here)
Stay, and never come to bid it—
Never bid it—never bid it.

From the Spirit of EDGAR A. POE.

July 6, 1853.

Now, if we were fully persuaded that neither the medium nor other persons present had ever studied Poe's style, we might be induced to regard with more respect the spirit-poetry. If they had, this imitation, and it is not an unenviable one, may be fully accounted for as not a very extraordinary case of clairvoyant sympathy. Scientific physiologists are now generally agreed, we believe, that in the peculiar exaltation of the nervous system known as *clairvoyance*, the subject has the same physical sensations and mental perceptions as those of the magnetizer. We do not see why, in this state, the subject should not utter the poetry conceived in the mind of another. There is no reason whatever, so far as we can see, for the supposition of spiritual interference. That solves nothing.

The admission by the *Register*, that this case may be accounted for as "an extraordinary instance of clairvoyant sympathy," will do as a transitional step toward the whole truth upon this point; but if he interiorly reflects upon the matter, we think he will soon begin to perceive that it is far more easy to account for *all* the facts in the case, by the supposition that the spirit—the invisible magnetic person—of Poe himself, was in this instance the magnetizer and the subject of sympathy, than by supposing the impressions to have come in a round-about way through the minds of persons who, perhaps, never had a single thought, or at least a single form of expression, which is recorded in the poem.

DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS.—Some workmen recently employed to excavate the foundation of a warehouse in the Minors, London, struck upon a large stone chest, to which a cover had been fastened. Expecting to find some concealed treasure, they broke the cover, and the chest also; but in this they were disappointed, for they found only a leaden coffin, containing a skull and bones. Fortunately the Rev. Thomas Hill heard of the discovery, and lost no time in having the sarcophagus, with its leaden coffin, placed within Trinity Church. The entire length of the stone sarcophagus is about 6 feet, its width about 2 feet, and the depth about 1 foot 7 inches. The cover is saddle-backed, or roofed, and in front is ornamented with foliage. The entire face of the sarcophagus is sculptured. In the center, within a circle, is a youthful male bust, clothed in a tunic. The face, which is turned sideways, is marked with a strong individuality, which conveys an idea that it was meant to portray the person deposited within. The rest of the front of the coffin is filled with a striated incrustation, very common on Roman sarcophagi. The cover was fastened with two strong iron clamps at each end. On removing the cover, the lid of an ornamented leaden coffin was exposed to view. It was covered with a beaded ornament and escarp shells, like examples found in past years at Colchester and in London, only that the pattern was somewhat differently disposed. Within the coffin were the remains of a young person, imbedded in lime, who, from certain indications in the skull and teeth, it is considered was not more than eight years old. The lime and the bones are to be carefully examined on a future occasion. It is intended to advise the parish authorities to deposit the sarcophagus and coffin either in Guildhall or some other accessible place of safety.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.—There is everywhere an increasing disposition to concede to woman her right to a place in the learned professions, and in the various lucrative pursuits. She has only to be firm, and employ such discreet and eloquent advocates as Miss Lucy Stone and Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith to plead the demands of nature and justice, and she must ultimately triumph.

It affords us pleasure to record the fact, that Rev. Antoinette Brown has recently assumed the pastoral relation to the Congregational Church in South Butler, Wayne Co., N. Y. We think there are many other gifted young ladies who would make excellent preachers, and that there are also a number of able-bodied men already in the ministry, who, if they have genius enough, would make respectable farmers and mechanics.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.—The author of "Journal of a Residence in South America," says: "I found for the first time the sensitive plant growing wild. It spreads very often over marshy ground, something like a tumbler. The sensitive leaves spread out prettily from the creeping tendrils in the sunshine, something like the lady-fern. It is curious to come to a little dingle of them, where a thousand tendrils, all interwoven like a bumble-thicket, to shake the twig, and communicate the vibration to the whole, and see the thousand green leaves all curling themselves up, an shrinking back at your approach, as if afraid of being trodden on, the sensation-like feeling of life running over them all as a shock of electricity."

